

AMUSEMENTS. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THE STAR COURSE OF LECTURES. HON. CHARLES SUMNER. On MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 31. Subject—"Lafayette, the Faithful One."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Nov. 2. MISS ISABELLA GILLYN, Nov. 4. GEORGE W. CURTIS, Nov. 4.

SENATOR SUMNER will deliver his great Oration on LAFAYETTE, in place of "The Duel between France and Germany," as heretofore announced.

E. L. DAVENPORT'S CHESNUT STREET THEATRE. EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT. FANNY JANAUSCHEK. In English parts, under the management of AUGUSTIN DAILY.

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MRS. JOHN DREW'S ARCH STREET THEATRE. Begins at 8 o'clock. GREAT TRIFLE BILL. THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Oct. 29.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE. BEGINS AT 7 1/2. THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Oct. 29. ENORMOUS ATTRACTION.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE. NEW ATTRACTIONS NIGHTLY. THE WONDERFUL FRENCH ATHLETES. Three in number.

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Cardinals in Conclave. The bell of the Capitol had sounded. Pope Innocent the Tenth was dead. He had died quite alone in about his eightieth year. His sister-in-law Donna Olimpia, and her niece, the Princess of Romano, for whom the weak old man had made sale of everything during his pontificate, from the red hat of the cardinal down to the office of spy of the police, and even to the sentences of the courts of justice, left him to his fate as soon as they found that no soups or essences, none of the cunningly devised liquors on which he had existed since he had been unable to take solid food, would continue to keep him alive.

Donna Olimpia, indeed, took to her bed as a means of avoiding further trouble about a moribund pope, and gave out that she was too ill to nurse him any longer. Both ladies, however, took care to have his palace sacked before the breath was out of his body, and Donna Olimpia surrounded her own house in the Piazza Navona with six hundred soldiers, to preserve all old and recent spoils safe during the critical period of papal interregnum, when the populace were more riotous than usual, and until a new pope should be elected in conclave.

If, however, the populace did not besiege her palace and relieve her of her ill-gotten gains, it was not the fault of Pasquin. Each morning the headless little marble figure was covered with pasquinades of bitter and terrible force, directed against Olimpia and the wealth she had amassed by her extortionate abuse of her influence on the late Pope. Olimpia, however, replied that public report did her injustice; that she was in reality poor, frightfully poor, so poor that she was unable to pay for the funeral expenses of the dead Innocent. Who would have buried the old man nobody can tell, had not a friend of early days, a poor canon whom Innocent had ill-treated on his advent to power, taken on him the charge of the funeral, which was of the meanest. No torches or wax tapers, only two tallow candles, lit up the wrinkled and pallid face of the papal corpse as it lay in mockery of state beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

The day after the Pope's interment, January 18, 1655, the cardinals met according to custom in conclave in the Vatican. There were sixty-nine of them. Unhappy men! their fate created much commiseration among some of the ambassadors and envoys of the European princes, who, according to rule, visited their cells on the day on which they were to be shut up, to see that all was arranged in due order, and the conclave established according to rule. Sixty-nine cardinals, accounted most of them, to say sumptuously, and to live in vast palaces adorned with the finest productions of ancient and modern art, to what a wretched sojourn had they to submit till it should please Divine Inspiration to be merciful to them, and enable their sacred college to combine in the election of a new pope! Two cells, one for himself and one for his two attendants, were allotted to each cardinal; and there they must live, and sleep, and eat their meals, which have to be sent through the little wicket at the gate, till the close of the conclave. The present conclave, however, was a fortunate one for the poor cardinals in one respect. It had among its members many excellent players at piquet, and two or three ecclesiastics of a very humorous spirit, who aided considerably to enliven the monotony of its confinement, which proved in this instance a long one. The maddest wag of them all was Maidalchini, who, however, labored under this disadvantage, that he was obliged to shut himself up every day for a considerable time to paint his face and make his toilette, in order to hide the ravages which disease and debauchery had made in his appearance. Maidalchini, one night during the conclave, lost fifty doubloons at play to a kindred spirit, Cardinal Medici, when Medici said he would let his Eminence off if he would dress himself up and go and announce, as by vision, to poor old Innocent Cardinal Caraffa, that he should be pope. The joke seemed too good to one not to be put in practice, so Maidalchini wrapped himself up in a white sheet, put on a false beard and wig, pinned two sheets of paper on to his shoulders for wings, borrowed a pair of green spectacles from Cardinal Trulzi, and made for himself a golden aureole, by the aid of some gilt paper and a sauceman, which he put upon his head. After having completed this disguise, he took two wax candles, one in each hand, and got in by a secret passage to the side of Caraffa's bed. Poor old Caraffa had the gout, and was not asleep when he saw the phantom arrive; he understood the pleasantry immediately—perhaps, indeed, he had been forewarned—so he seized his crutch silently, and as soon as the spectre was near enough, laid on lustily, crying out:—"Incorrigible joker, it is thou, is it? Take that, and that, and laugh again!" Maidalchini did not wait longer than he could help by Caraffa's bedside, but blew out his candles and ran off, leaving the door open, from which latter circumstance the joke had a more serious ending than was anticipated; for poor Caraffa was too much troubled with gout to get up and shut the door, and the draught gave the gouty old man such a cold that he died shortly afterwards.

Maidalchini, indeed, seems, according to faithful report, to have provided the greatest part of what fun there was going in three or four conclaves. During this conclave, he, with some others, gummed together the pages of the breviary of Cardinal Lugo, who, however, was not sorry for an excuse to get rid of the trouble of reading it. He put, too, some powder made from the euphorbium plant in the missal of Cardinal Filomarini, just before he had to say high mass for the conclave; and Filomarini was seized with such a fit of sneezing that he had to stop short in the middle of service, and could not go on.

It was not in this, but in another conclave that Maidalchini had a furious dispute with Cardinal Colonna, in which they nearly came to blows. Colonna went to visit Maidalchini in his cell. Maidalchini, who thought Colonna's horse had told his servant always to say he was asleep, that is, "not at home" for Colonna. It happened at this time, when Colonna called, that Maidalchini was in his inner cell, talking with another cardinal. Colonna heard him, and cried out in a rage to the servant, "Tell your master he is a blockhead and ill-bred." Maidalchini heard him, rushed out in a passion, and said, "It is you who are a blockhead and ill-bred; for my part, I have never had in my family any relatives who have died by the rope, feet in the air, like the Colonnas."

They were about to come to blows, when Cardinal Albizzi and others came up and separated them, and Albizzi cried out, "Maidalchini is right. Why should Colonna try to ride the high horse, and apply his 'blockheads and ill-breeds' to fellows who are merely rascals and knaves?" Clement the Ninth (Rospiolosi) was Alexander the Seventh's (Chigi) who came pope out of the conclave which met, as we have said, after Innocent the Tenth had been laid out in state with the help of two tallow candles, and

whom Alexander Pasquin said the sum total of his pontificate consisted in doing "very great things for himself, great things for his family, bad things for the sovereigns of Europe, very bad things for the cardinals, and nothing for God." Albizzi, in fact, was but Pasquin inside the conclave. In the conclave which met to elect this Alexander the Seventh, Albizzi was more than usually brilliant. One of his mottoes deserves record: when Cardinal Spada said that he must vote in such and such a way, since he had a debt of gratitude to pay, "I presume it is a gambling debt, then," said Albizzi. Spada had the reputation of paying only gambling debts, and not always these. There were a good many cardinals to whom this election was no laughing matter, and it was none certainly to Donna Olimpia, who was busy working the conclave to the best of her power from without, and making secret promises of all sorts, and giving secret bribes in ready money, to get a pope elected to her choice; but with little effect, for the cardinal she strained all her resources to keep out was Chigi, and Chigi was elected. In this conclave of sixty-nine cardinals there were, indeed, twenty-six who were recognized as passable, that is, possible popes; but not one of them but was, for some reason or other, considered by some great authority as impossible. France and Spain fought desperately in this conclave against each other, by the aid of bribes and promises, in order to get a Pope to their liking; and neither would accept as Pope a cardinal known to be devoted to its rival. The Grand Duke had his agents in the conclave, the Emperor of Germany had his, and each was determined on keeping out a different set of candidates; Modena pulled one way, Parma another; one cardinal could not be elected because he had a sister-in-law of whom all were afraid; and all the cardinals had had enough of Donna Olimpia in the way of sisters-in-law. This man was a good poet, that man was too ill; this man was too well, that man was too dissolute, and that man was too devout, troppo santone, too much of a saint. Barberini would not hear of one, and Medici would not hear of another.

The delay and difficulties of the conclave excited the humorous fancies of some prelates at Arquato, near Ascoli. They dressed themselves up as cardinals, and held a mock conclave, in which they chose an unfortunate aboriginal pope, who began his mock pontificate by abolishing the tax on grinding corn at the mill, and fixed the price of salt at a giulio for ten pounds. Taxes had, indeed, been laid very heavily on the Roman poor of late, and bread and salt had been forced up to starvation prices to enable the popes to lavish away millions on insatiable nephews and nieces, and sisters-in-law, and parasites of all descriptions; so the poor shepherd was not a bad legislator according to his high political economy, though his amateur legislation cost him dear, for the Inquisition laid hands upon him and put him in prison, where he died in less than three days of a very speedy natural death.

However, after nearly four months of one of the most entangled and confused of all papal elections, the conclave did, like all human things, come to an end at last. The game of conclave is on such occasions a game of patience; the parties try to tire each other out, for which purpose, doubtless, one of the best lines of conduct you can adopt is, to try and prove to your adversaries that you rather like conclave life than otherwise, and are ready to wait any time for them to come round. On this occasion the French cardinals, at last seeing that Medici had made terms with Chigi, out of sheer weariness, and in despair, withdrew their opposition to Chigi, and Chigi was elected unanimously. Up to that time his election had always managed to secure one-third of the votes of the conclave, the necessary number to force exclusion against him. Chigi, according to strict precedent, shed abundance of tears on his election—the lachrymatory glands of the cardinals were always in good condition for this purpose—and asked the cardinals to be so kind as not to press the tiara upon him. He knew, he was so modest as to say, that he was not fit for it; however, they were inhuman enough to insist, and proceeded to adoration, as the rite is called, falling on the knees, kissing of the feet, hands, etc., while the chief of the college went to the loggia of St. Peter's, and announced in the regular Latin phrase, a "mighty joy," "gaudium magnum," to the people, the election of a new Pope, Alexander the Seventh. He was not any worse, nor much better, than the popes immediately before and after him; they were nearly all decrepit, worn-out old men, in the hands of relatives who preyed upon them. Clement the Tenth (Alberoni) was eighty when he became Pope, and his faculties were so feeble that the poor old dotard promised the same offices over and over again to different persons in the conclave in order to become Pope. The general motto of all the Popes about this period was "Tutto per la casa e niente per la chiesa." "All for the house, and nought for the church."

Alexander the Seventh was only pope for about two years, when Maidalchini, Albizzi, and the rest, went into conclave again to elect another pope, and their practical and other jokes were as lively in that as in the preceding conclave; however, this time the cardinals had less need of amusement than before, for they only remained shut up together about a month. Rospiolosi (Clement the Ninth) was elected, but he, poor man, only enjoyed his papacy about two years. The tiara jumped from head to head very quickly in those days.—All the Year Round.

ANECDOTE OF BALFE, THE COMPOSER.—The following anecdote is told of Balfé, the composer, who died a few days ago in London:—At the first rehearsal, which took place at Pavia, of Rossini's *Mossé in Egitto*, Signor Rolla, brother of the celebrated Alessandro Rolla, leader of the orchestra of La Scala at Milan, was leader of the orchestra at Pavia, and having perceived that Balfé was taking upon himself to give directions, not only to the chorus, but to the musicians, became annoyed and disconcerted at his interference. At a passage for the violin, which occurs in the first act, Rolla said:—"It was not written for the instrument," and being so difficult was impossible to play; at which Balfé exclaimed, "Rossini was a violin-player, and knew what he wrote. The passage is easy enough. Shift your hand higher up and you will do it!" On hearing this poor Rolla could contain himself no longer, but bursting into a torrent of passion looked up at Balfé and exclaimed:—"Signor Dottore, venite qua suonate per me, ed io andero cantare per voi." (Learned sir, come and play for me and I will sing for you.) The challenge was at once accepted, down Balfé jumped into the orchestra, took up a violin, and played the disputed passage in such a masterly manner that he was applauded by every one present. So deep was the impression made on Rolla's mind by this discomfiture that he took to his bed and in a few weeks died.